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THE SONNET.

What may it be, this musical creation,
This golden-throated oriole,—the sonnet?
Methinks that fairy Phyllis' Easter bonnet
May help us to locate its proper station.
Enraptured with its venust conformation,
See, dainty, graceful Phyllis stoops to don it,
The Easter bells ring out, she looks upon it.
Then up, and vanity is adoration.

A dash of red is gleaming in the treasure,
A fluff of lace, perchance a brilliant wing,
And all are hedged rows of sammet seven.
Gay trifles sometimes sing in sonnet measure,
Yet through them all sound Easter bells that fling
A benediction turning all to Heaven.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.

FRIENDSHIP ENDURES.

THE secession of the southern states from the Union created between the inhabitants of the North and South a yawning abyss spanned only by a bridge over which the furies of war carried death and destruction from one part of the country into the other. The cheerful conversation of the family when assembled around the blazing hearth was disturbed by the dreadful report of the cannon, and the genial sunshine of prosperity was eclipsed by the lurid haze of the blood-colored atmosphere. Family life and social intercourse was not only broken up but almost entirely dissolved, for the thinned ranks of the field had to be refilled by new levies. Even the peaceful lovers of art and those pursuing the highways of science had to stoop to the yoke of the fighting man and risk their lives in defense of a cause, noble indeed, but not for their state to engage in.

Shortly after the battle of Gettysburg president Lincoln made a new levy of soldiers and among the forty-five thousand then called into the field was also a wealthy merchant's son of Wisconsin, named Richard Perry. The latter was then studying at St. Paul and would have completed his college course in the spring of 1863. Devoted though he was with heart and soul to his studies, the news of the splendid victory won by his country-men and the hope of distinguishing himself on the field of battle made it comparatively easy for

him to respond to the fatal call. Of much greater difficulty for Richard was the separation from his intimate friend Alfred Gaston, a planter's son, of Alabama. Although their respective country-men were engaged in a bloody war, a strong tie of friendship existed between the noble youths. Nations may perish in the seething whirlpool of contention, but no physical power is able to sever the bonds of true affection. For five years their life's stream had flowed in the same channel, each had shared the other's joys and sorrows. The report of victory which rendered Richard's departure agreeable, if not even desirable, was the very death-blow to his friend's prospects, and made separation doubly hard. Affairs brooked no delay. After Richard was ready for the journey he took what seemed to him most advisable, a speedy, though affectionate leave of Alfred whose heart would almost break, and with a hopeful glance into future left his Alma Mater. Thence forward Alfred found no more relish for his studies, he was totally powerless to concentrate his thoughts upon any object, and when a month afterward he also was called into the field, he responded as promptly as his friend had done, but with slender or no hopes for the future.

On reaching home Richard met the loving embraces of his parents and the joyful greetings of his brothers and sisters, but when he inquired after his former friends and school-mates, he was astonished to learn that most of them had already entered the service; two had shed their blood in defence of the Union on the field of Gettysburg.

This intelligence all the more enkindled Richard's ardor for the battle field; and on the morn of June 26th, 1862, he departed for the camp.

Camp life during the time of war was then most severe, for the troops had to be disciplined in the shortest possible time. With harness on his back and with a growling stomach Richard had to drill from morning till night with hardly an hour's intermission and this for five weeks in succession. Never before had the tender student undergone such hardships, and often his frame would almost collapse through over-strain. The noble example of his commanders and fellow-soldiers, however, strengthened his wavering spirits. Thanks also to his collegiate course by which he had become accustomed to strict discipline, which now served him as an impregnable stronghold, so that the spirit found re-enforcement when the body would yield.

The five weeks passed, and Richard felt he had become a soldier. Through tact and promptitude he had already acquired some reputation, at least he was conscious that the eye of his commander rested on him with a sort of complacency. The severity with which any frowardness of fellow-soldiers was punished, and the solid religious principles implanted into his heart by his pious parents, deterred Richard from committing any lawless act, and when his company was at last deputed to enter active service, the commander in presence of all recommended him as an exemplary soldier to the officer now put in charge over him. More was not needed for the noble and ambitious

youth, and the spark of valor in his breast at once blazed into flames that could only be quenched by deeds, and vehemently did he desire to display his fortitude on the field of battle.

The fortune of war is extremely changeful. If to-day it favored the Union-men to-morrow it inclined toward the Confederates, but at the crisis of 1862 when the day after the splendid victory of Gettysburg the joy of the North was yet increased by the news that Vicksburg had also surrendered to Grant, hopes ran high, and many already then looked forward to a decisive issue. However, but a small part of the work was accomplished. At present one particular battle engages our attention.

On September 19th, 1863, General Bragg attacked Rosecrans in the valley of Chickamauga, where the Confederate army, being superior in numerical strength, fought one of the most desperate battles of the war. The Unionists' right wing was about to seek safety by a disgraceful retreat, but the left wing which was in command of General George Thomas, "a grand character and a splendid officer," as history calls him, withstood the terrible onset and saved the army from total rout. While Gen. Thomas was present wherever danger threatened most and with almost superhuman effort repelled the pressing foe, there was one among the soldiers who outstripped all the others in daring and valor. Where the fight was thickest and the confusion greatest he seemed to have one eye for the foe and one for his commander whose every effort he seconded so ad-

mirably that after the engagement was over and the ranks reviewed, Gen. Thomas bid Richard Perry step forth and with a hearty shake of hands said: "Richard, had it not been for you, I and hundreds of your comrades would have found a grave in the valley of Chickamauga, for it was not a struggle for victory, but one for our very existence."

Only about two months after this engagement the same army was in a still more desperate condition. While before they might have suffered a glorious death on the battle field, here death, too, but accompanied with all the horrors of starvation awaited them. The army was shut up on three sides by impregnable fortifications of nature, and on the fourth by a hostile army insisting on unconditional surrender. All the science of warfare proved unavailing, and to risk a battle would have been madness. A council of war was convoked. The valorous clamored for fight; the more experienced developed scheme after scheme, but each preceding one to be overthrown by the one following, alike futile. Dismayed by the total failure of devising means of extricating themselves from the fatal trap around which the foe with secret and malicious joy awaited the moment when he would descend upon his emaciated prey, the council was about to adjourn when a private soldier asked for admittance. General Rosecrans, thinking that he might have to convey some important news, at once ordered him to be brought in. Delight mingled with astonishment played in the General's countenance when he beheld the valiant youth to

whose service the happy issue of the last battle was to be ascribed. Having obtained permission to speak, Richard directed these words to the assembly: "Honorable gentlemen, our need is rising to extremes; unless we receive assistance we shall either be consumed by famine or suffer the disgrace of falling upon the mercy of an exulting foe. The army stationed next to ours must be informed of our utter helplessness, attack the enemy in the rear and open for us a path of safety; I am acquainted with the environments of Chattanooga, and for the conveyance of this information I beg you to accept my humble services."

In the faces of all the men assembled there lay an expression as if silently but fervently asking consent to the private's proposal. The commander's eye rested on him for a few moments as though they would pierce his inmost soul. But the noble bearing of Richard, his calm composure, his fixed determination, the honesty and sincerity beaming from his eyes, together with the remembrance of past services left no doubt in the mind of the General. Putting his hand on Richard's shoulder he said: "I accept your services, noble youth, but do not underrate the danger of your undertaking, and think of the shameful death that awaits the spy." "I have considered what I am about to do and am hopeful of success", was Richard's reply. The night being already far advanced, the General hastily penned a short letter, gave Richard a purse of gold; this being all well secured, he at once started on his hazardous journey.

He was aware that the enemy's main forces were stationed on the north side of the town where the mountains did not completely surround it. This side being impervious Richard pursued a north-westerly direction over the Racoon Mountains. The night was dark and the path extremely rugged. But the hardships of the journey were not felt by the noble soldier; there was but one great purpose before him, and upon its faithful execution both body and soul were equally intent. Thus reflecting how he could best accomplish his end, Richard was suddenly stopped by a gleam of a rifle that flashed up immediately before him and a voice thundering, "Halt." So unexpected was this occurrence that the most courageous might have been frightened. Strangely, however, Richard was undismayed, for his sharp ear detected in that voice a sound so familiar that the remembrance of his former friend and fellow-student, as it were, shot through his mind. But the situation allowed no time for reflection, and drawing his revolver Richard called out in a voice equally determined: "Let me pass." "Halt, I say", again thundered the unknown foe, and at the same instant he was thrown to the ground from behind by two men of whose presence he had been totally unaware. Although all this was done with the swiftness of thought, he found time to fire a shot, and one of the aggressors dropped down dead. Richard's hands and feet being securely fettered he was carried into a tent near by. There in the glimmer of a burning candle the eyes of the captor and captive met. The former stood like a statue

on recognizing his victim. He wished to call his name, but the word stuck in his throat. The thought of the captive's danger commanded him to be self-composed and leaving the tent he ordered his accomplice to look after the dead companion. While Richard lay there alone a faint echo of distant continuous shooting reached his ear. "Richard, dear Richard, must we meet thus?" exclaimed the sentinel on re-entering the tent, and unable to check any longer his violent emotions, sought relief in tears. Then he hastened to loosen the captive's fetters, who until now had observed a strange silence. "Alfred, be mindful of the duties of your office", Richard now said with seeming coldness which made his liberator draw back in terror. "Richard, do you not recognize your friend and fellow-student?" But whether out of policy or to test his friend's fidelity, Richard again asked coldly: "What do you intend to do with me?"

"Away with these fetters, away, fly hence." "I cannot" again responded Richard. "Shall I then become your executioner? Go, I entreat you", Alfred said imploringly. "Are you the only sentinel on this road", inquired Richard. "No", said Alfred, "there is a second and a third one stationed at a mile's interval from here." "See, therefore, it will be to your ruin if you permit me to pass, besides think of your comrade who might betray you; even the dead would bear witness against you." Here the booming of cannons again echoed through the mountains, and the report was much more distinct. The soldier who had been ordered to look after the dead came back

in great excitement and related that he had seen by the rifle flashes that an army was in motion, whether friend or foe he could not distinguish. Alfred entreated his friend anew to seek safety in flight. Should he consent? The responsibility he had taken upon himself at once became a fearful weight. The general and the entire army awaited his return to the camp; before him a double guard to pass; the life and honor of his dearest friend at stake. Happily the time for deliberation was shortened, for whilst the soldier was yet relating what he had seen and heard, a troop of soldiers rushed into the tent and they were just about to dispatch the hateful form in gray, when Richard whom they must have calculated as one of their number, prevented them from committing the atrocious act. The noble youth had already devised means for his friend's safety, and only permitted them to take him captive.

Intelligence had been brought to General Grant of the precarious situation of Rosecrans's army; the former immediately advanced from the north, attacked the enemy in the rear, and the issue was a splendid victory for the Union-men in the famous "Battle above the Clouds."

ILDEPHONSE J. RAPP, '99.

A MAY OFFERING.

It is delight to recollect
As in our boyhood-days
We roamed o'er meadows flower-decked,
Of Spring's wild children to select
The best for sweet bouquets.

A mother's heart abounds with joy
At simple acts of love;
We therefore take an earthly toy,
Unstained and pure, without alloy,
To please our Mother above.

We gather flowers and wind a wreath,
Entwined with fervent prayer;
And, like the flowers that dying breathe
Sweet fragrance o'er the evening heath,
Give willingly our share.

Is Mary glad then to receive
The bloom of lovely bowers?
If we with glowing hearts but weave
The simplest garlands and believe
To please the Queen of flowers.

On lilies white and roses fair
I draw my Mother's name,
To greet her; and inscribe my care
And needs on leaves—a simple prayer
Of ardent, childlike claim.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

A DELINEATOR OF THE PASSIONS.

THE literature of a nation is an index of its growth and development politically, intellectually, and morally. Taken in a more general conception it represents man as he was centuries ago, and as he is at the present day. Being thus enabled to draw comparisons we can easily perceive in how far humanity underwent a change. In most cases, no doubt, great progress was noticeable; in some instances, however, a decided retrogression can be traced, but whilst all may show an alteration, there is still one thing left, which, though every inch of it is human, has not as yet changed, nor ever will change. The essence which it assumed in Adam after his fall, the functions which it performed in him, are still the same in our own self—the essence and functions of our passions.

But as all our actions are, as it were, shaped by our innermost passions, at least in a moral sense, we need not wonder why nearly every writer of prose and poetry has treated of the passions. Some naturally have done it with more, others with less success. Shakespeare unquestionably takes the lead, closely followed by a host of others among whom Bulwer-Lytton is very prominent, as he seems to tread in his very footsteps. Indeed no writer since Shakespeare has understood so thoroughly the inner actions of man; the struggles of his heart with a good con-

science, and the workings of his innate dormant passions when once roused to action. This is strikingly exemplified in one of his best novels, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

As the title indicates the scene of the novel is transferred to Pompeii; it gives us a picture of Pompeian customs as they prevailed immediately before its destruction; it describes the destruction itself in a vivid and ingenious way. Whilst it does all this, the most interesting love story of Glaucus and Ione is introduced. And although counter-acted by immense obstacles, placed by jealous rivals, and even opposed by the very elements, it is neatly developed and brought to a happy conclusion.

The theme, in itself very interesting and suggestive, becomes still more captivating when treated by the able, forcible, dramatic pen of Bulwer-Lytton. The brilliant diction, the clear thoughts, the beautiful descriptions, the pathetic incidents, the highly dramatic situations: all have but words of praise. To this we must add one more quality which is peculiarly the author's own—the skillful delineation of character.

Other novelists, too, have depicted characters that wear the garb of reality, but this cloak often hides the inner man. We can see their doings, approve or disapprove, but we cannot discern the motives of their action, because the dominant passions, which give them vitality, are not clearly designed. Here Bulwer-Lytton shows a decided superiority. His characters are so ingeniously drawn, that we not only seem to see them move

about in their very flesh and blood, but we can with our intellectual eye penetrate into the depths of their souls and are thus enabled to judge most accurately of the merits and demerits of their doings. By bringing out the strongest passions in bold relief, he gives us the key to the soul of the person described. This is perhaps best illustrated in his "Last Days of Pompeii", because in this work, love, the passion of passions, is most perfectly delineated.

No other passion is so universal as love, and no other passion less complicated and less understood; no passion is more tender and pleasing; but, paradoxical though it may seem, no passion is more apt to turn into a vice and to bring about utter ruin of body and soul. Love is very similar to the element of fire, for as long as this element is kept within its proper limits it is most beneficial to man, but if once exceeding its boundaries, it becomes the most destructive and dreadful of the elements. Thus love.

In no other novel do we find this passion more exactly and more skillfully drawn. The characters of Glaucus and Ione, of the poor flower girl Nydia and of the wicked Arbaces represent that passion in its most prominent forms, together with some other passions which are usually misbegotten children of the passion of love.

Glaucus and Ione are two beautiful, ideal characters. Both are Athenians; both possess many noble qualities; both are lovers of poetry and song; both show exquisite taste for the fine arts. In these characters the author proves the

great, undisputable truth—that love flowing from natures of the same cast most readily unites, and, once united, grows into a mighty stream that is not to be turned from its course, but, baffling all obstacles, flows on until it empties into the boundless ocean of eternity.

But love is not always found in this shape; often it resembles a little streamlet issuing forth from a mountain cavern. First its crystal waters glide on smoothly, playing and dancing with the little pebbles strewn on its bed. But soon the bed becomes rougher, huge rocks try to intercept its course, and the calm rivulet is changed into a roaring mountain torrent, whose waters are dashed from rock to rock, and perhaps hurled down a steep precipice, thus forming a wild cataract. Thus love, when unanswered, as that of poor Nydia, or polluted, as that of Arbaces, produces most contrary effects, and often leads to murder and despair.

PROTUS L. STAIERT. '99.

THE POET'S REWARD.

Without the poet's tuneful lyre
This life with many a woe were filled.
No sorrow and no grief is stilled
Without the poet's tuneful lyre.
It does still more, it damps the fire
Of baser passion in man self-willed.
Without the poet's tuneful lyre
This life with many a woe were filled.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '99.

THE TWO GOLDEN PERIODS IN GERMAN LITERATURE.

EVERY year has its spring, every nation passes the zenith of its power, and every literature enjoys a golden age. The German nation can boast of two golden periods in poetry. The first period set in when Christian architecture approached the highest lines of perfection, when Christian life flourished throughout the land. This period extends from 1190-1300.

Before the Italian muse directed its flight from the genius of Dante, the German nation possessed the *Nibelungenlied*, a national epic, which finds its only rival and parallel in Homer's *Iliad*. The epic works of art contain all the Romans found in Virgil and the Italians in Ariosto. Furthermore, the nation could show up a valuable collection of lyric poetry, whose power and purity surpasses the sonnets of Petrarch. In opposition to the French Troubadours we mention with the assurance of superiority the noted German Minnesingers. And if England leads her ancient sayings of early literature into the contest, suffice it to know that there lived a Wolfram von Eschenbach, a Gottfried von Strassburg, and others.

But German poetry could not sustain this power of superiority; it could not keep in so high a sphere. With the dissolution of Germany and the abolition of knighthood, the best national poetry lost its fruitful soil and withered away in

the failures of the Mastersingers. There were hard probations to follow: The Renaissance made German poets strangers in their own country; the Reformation robbed the nation for ever of its unity of creed; the 'Thirty-Years' War brought disorder and confusion, dissolved the remaining loyal princes and took away the spirit of self-confidence and consciousness of something nobler.

Could the German muse ever find its way out of this desert? Was it possible that the tender bud of poetry could outlive a winter of such severity? The philosophy of Leibnitz and of his followers, besides English literature, were active agents to rouse the minds from sleep. German citizens were again convinced of their national existence by the singular victories of Frederic the Great. Violent storms, doubtful harbingers of spring, swept over entire Germany. These storms brought wholesome effects: Indifference and unmanliness were driven from the hearts of its inhabitants; the air was purified and cleansed from the baneful matter deposited by other nationalities. Spring came, and summer, heavily laden with fruits, followed closely in its footprints.

The procession of poetic genius is opened by Klopstock with his "Messiade" and his splendid "Odes." His firm bearing, the glance of his earnest prophetic eye, heightened the zeal of all lovers of art. Klopstock is attended by Lessing, the critic and unerring pathfinder. Wieland's frivolous muse also keeps close to this great leader. After these follow the Pontifex Maximus, Herder,

in his right hand the civil hat, and in his left the plan of a world-literature. These having passed, we behold the rare triumphal chariot occupied by two persons who weaken the light of all others like a brilliant double-star. These are no others than the coryphei of the classic age, Goethe and Schiller; who, in turn, are followed by an endless procession of laurel-crowned poets. Now again we have reached the height of poetry.

The second golden age, the classic period of German literature lasted from 1748-1830. Undoubtedly it must interest every student of literature to compare these two periods.

The first chief difference is that the works of the first period were property of the entire nation, since they were taken from the people and written for the people as a whole; poetry of the second period was strange to commoner people, because its artistic hue and tone made it almost impossible for men of humbler pretensions to appreciate the contents. The poets of the second period were accomplished students of the ancient bards, and learned from them a classic taste and classic culture. They strutted about in the toga of learnedness, they had mounted the highest step in language, in history, in aesthetics, and even in philosophy they attained a classic height. Hence it is not to be wondered at that a veil of learnedness hung over all their works, that they were zealous promoters of artistic refinement. By this we mean that they gave us works of really artistic poetry which is by its nature accessible only to a fractional part of the nation. What common reader

will find delight in such productions? It is impossible for an illiterate person to appreciate the Romances of Wieland, Goethe's *Faust* and *Werther*, or Klopstock's *Messiade*. Of course explanatory notes will expose the merit and beauty of these works in a clearer light, nevertheless they must remain uninteresting.

This however does not imply that the poet of this period had no regard for the people. But the number of artificial productions entirely eclipses those poems that might catch the sympathy of the people. Our expectation to hear many popular songs is deceived, and the hope to enjoy a national epic could not be indulged in.

How different it was in the first golden period. Artificial poetry was then not yet coated with learnedness; national poetry and principally the national epic, were in bloom. The *Gudrunlied* and the *Nibelungen* were taken from the heart of the nation, nourished by the sincerest affection of the people. The *Nibelungenlied* was for two hundred years common property of the nation before it assumed its distinct form of a well-wrought epic.

These two periods are furthermore distinguished by their character. The first age is of a heroic nature, for not only stray individuals sang to Apollo's lyre, but every court had its laureate, a sun who cast his rays over the garden of German poetry. Then it must also be noted that knights conquered Parnassus as well as they defeated their adversaries. This argues at once that princes took a special pride in honoring and rewarding the poets.

The second golden age had a strictly civil character; first, because the poets were almost exclusively of noble generations and secondly, because sovereigns and princes were extremely cold towards their poets. Only the court of Weimar, insignificantly small as Bethlehem, seemed to afford a favorable position to poetry. Frederic II was celebrated and adored, but every poet left his throne unrequited and unprotected.

Lessing now brought the civil drama upon the stage. Goethe's principal characters, Gretchen, Klaerchen, Wilhelm Meister, Herman and Dorothea, Werther, are photoes taken from civil life; even Schiller's royal heroes betray themselves by civil mode of thought, feeling, and sympathy.

Above all do we miss in every leader of the second period that unity of faith which characterized the representatives of the first; as, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Hartmann von der Aue, Walther von der Vogelweide, Conrad von Wuerzburg, and others.

With Goethe and his constellation divine revelation was disregarded. Christ was but the son of man, not of the Father. They professed a religion of philanthropy and humanitarianism. Every star of the first magnitude except Klopstock acknowledged this belief. Grecian mythology was their delight; the cross, of course, was base, disgusting. This spirit animates all their works. The romantic school took a good step for the better, but none reached the golden goal.

We have seen that in our parallel the first golden age received more praise than the classic

period. But to do justice to the classic poets, we must mention three special qualities that enhanced this period. First we find a greater variety of poetry. In the garden of literature we find not only beds of epic, lyric, and didactic poetry, but the drama also sprang into life and developed in rapid growth almost to perfection.

Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller gave such prominence to the drama that it was universally admired and praised by all nations. In the second period we find forms of poetry, entirely unknown in the first; such as the idyll, the ballad, the triole, the sonnet, etc. This already points out the second advantage, namely that during the classic age German literature obtained a prominent place as world-literature. Since that time almost every known literature finds its happiest thoughts and fairest images mirrored in German poetry.

It seems as if a second spring of this period has drawn singing birds of every kind to Germany. The most wonderful melodies are sung in ever new varieties; the able rivals sang now high, now low; then in a simple, natural way, then with the exactness and perfection of pure art. Those singers sang with German tongues the songs of all nations so originally and perfectly that their superiors have not yet appeared. Herder started first in this direction, whither Goethe and the Romantic School enthusiastically followed.

If now German classics had such a power over the language and an all-sided knowledge of ancient and modern metric forms, so that they entered poetical contests with bards of every nation, play-

fully procuring the laurel for themselves, the third advantage of the second golden age is evident. It is the beautifully finished form and artistic arrangement which distinguishes the principal works of this time. In this the German classics stand unrivaled; for higher spheres of real art can hardly be attained.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99.

FOREVER.

Amid the woodland bleak and sear
A lonely mound is seen.
The child had held the forest dear,
So long its leaves were green.

Now that its leaves are seared
The child rests at its feet;
The mound is shaded and revered
Amid its still retreat.

Its spirit does no longer roam.
To brighter lands it fled;
The body only found a home
Amid the forest's bed.

For aye? It cannot be forever;
The trees too must decay.
And warmest, kindest hearts must sever,
Though long they may delay.

The body rests in nature's trust,
It too will rise one day,
When worlds must crumble into dust,
To live in bliss for aye.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '99.

THE POET AND THE NOVELIST AS MORALISTS.

II.

THE novel as understood today by the highest artists is a book of purpose. We no longer care to read a purposeless novel. The novel that is not a tendency novel, unless it be faultlessly artistic as a book of mere recreation, is no longer looked upon but as a huge fake perpetrated on the reading public. The fact that today every novelist of note considers himself something more than a mere teller of tales warrants the assertion. To quote Lanier: "To act with a purpose is what raises man above the brutes; to invent with a purpose, to imitate with a purpose, is that which distinguishes genius from petty artists who invent to invent, imitate to imitate."

To write with a true purpose is therefore the end of the true novelist. A novel is a picture of real and common life in the historical period and society to which the persons and surroundings are supposed to belong. Its method is essentially dramatic. Interest in it depends upon the plot; i. e., upon the manner and extent to which one personality is brought to bear upon another. It is a study of real life, and it is by the author's delineation and power of analysis that we are enabled to study this real life.

The novel divides itself into classes according to the theme treated; it is either philosophical, as

Crawford's; political, as Lush's; historical and romantic, as Scott's; of character, as George Eliot's; of criticism and reform as Dickens's and Thackeray's, or all these in one as are those of Sienkiewicz. The novelist places before us a group of personalities, and about one of these interest is centered. This one is brought to bear upon all, all upon this one, and each upon the other. Each through the author's skill reveals his character to us, his loves, hates, purposes, passions, and motives with a wholesome realism, as that of Hawthorne but not of Zola; for our discussion deals not, as we have remarked, with such.

If literature is the expression of our relations to God and through Him to our fellow-men, then the novel is literature supreme; for here every character is more or less intensely moral, imbued with some sense of religion and duty; and on the intensity of this sense, be it positive or negative in its nature, depends the action of the novel; that is, the relations of man *to* God are expressed and *through* God to our fellows. The true novel always shows us in how far virtue is rewarded and the inevitableness of retributive justice. It clearly paints the consequences of potentialities well-used or mis-spent. But above all the novel is a profound study of personality.

The novel is poetry, but it is more. Poetry seeks beauty. The true novel blends beauty, reason, morality, into one artistic whole. In passing from the abstract to the concrete we cap the climax of our discussion most beautifully in

brief contemplation of the greatest novelist of all time, who has blended the good qualities of all novelists in the most artistic masterpiece of the age, — a novelist, in whom the sternness of Thackeray, the humor of Dickens, the acuteness and realism of Eliot, the charm of Scott, are found. I refer to that worthiest of living artists, Henryk Sienkiewicz. In his world-novel he has dared to approach nearer the ideal than any other novelist.

Sienkiewicz has given us faithful pictures of some of the most interesting and noteworthy epochs of history. The pages of "Quo Vadis" glow in white heat with the descriptions of falling paganism, of the heroism of Sts. Peter and Paul of Tarsus. His famous trilogy gives an insight into the stirring times of Polish Commonwealth. "Peasants in Exile" tells the sad story of a Pole in a stranger's land. I know of nothing better to recommend to him who would study the Pole than the novels of Sienkiewicz. The exactness with which he has kintescoped the Pole and his habits is truly marvelous. But both the topographical and historical value of his novels are the least. It is the deep lesson they teach us that gives them their importance. "All great literature", says Mr. Howells, "is Christian;" and surely the novels of Sienkiewicz are pre-eminently so. Christian literature is the only literature which has an abiding influence, for it alone is built upon the solid basis of truth. One need but glance over a single chapter of Sienkiewicz to be convinced that it is the deep sense of obligation to the faith which inspires him, which gives to his in-

imitable simplicity its grandeur and might. The novels of Sienkiewicz have a deeper meaning than is at first apparent. All are essentially serious books. They are moral, ethical, historical, and romantic. As historical works they are superb. As a study and a picture of social, intellectual, and political conditions, their accuracy places them above the most faithful history. The spirit of the times described is mirrored perfectly, for Sienkiewicz has buttressed an exuberant imagination by a critical study of history. See how vividly he introduces us into the streets of Rome in his opening chapter of "Quo Vadis."

To prove his fidelity to national types and historical characters I need but refer the reader to his delineation of Nero, Petronius, Acte, Pomponia, St. Peter, and St. Paul.

It is the study of personality, however, that is of paramount importance in Sienkiewicz. Father John Talbot Smith calls his grouping magnificent, admires his vivid description and power of analysis. In this latter Sienkiewicz proves himself an artist in truth.

It is said that to an unbeliever the most striking feature of the Bible is the admirable system of ethics which that book contains. And of "Quo Vadis" even the greatest enemy must admit much the same. It was the constant aim of George Eliot to picture the progress of the soul on its road to perfection; but Sienkiewicz is evidently Eliot's superior, for nowhere in any literature has so telling a picture been drawn of a soul and its progress as in Sienkiewicz's creation of Vinicius,

—proud, passionate, Roman noble,—and his ultimate submission to the spirit of Christ. Vinicius has faith which could not be founded on reason alone; hear him as he moans in the amphitheatre.

Though George Eliot touches upon the love of man and woman with marvelous accuracy, nowhere has she shown as well as Sienkiewicz how love from an animal passion may be spiritualized and finally become that holy bond which the master himself has blessed. I might cite several other instances of the great novelist's wonderful power as a psychologist. But we shall hurry to to the last and most important phase which we shall consider of his wonderful book.

This is the message which "Quo Vadis" issues to the world. It certainly has a meaning for us, for the book is a most powerful allegory. Under a thin veil it exposes the crying evils of the dying century, but it does more. It suggests the remedy as well as it points out the disease. Prophet-like Sienkiewicz stands before us and thunders: You cannot replace morality by aestheticism for the one is not the other. We must have faith, a living faith, to cure our ills, for without faith we have no morality, and only *that* aestheticism which is an outgrowth of morality is healthy and undefiled.

In Petronius we have the intellectuality of the age in concrete. With him love of beauty is all; beautiful vases, statues, fair forms, and pleasant flowers are ideals. His faith in the gods is of the poetic kind which prompts him to retain them as pleasing figures of rhetoric. This is our agnostic intellectuality to-day. Petronius is Laura Foun-

tain, only he is the truer conception of agnosticism than Mrs. Ward's heroine. . The present age has forgotten its God, though it still retains Him in its poetic effusions, where the holy name is made to lend power to its poetry. Nor is this flippant talk, as any reader of Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, well knows. Petronius is the embodiment of agnostic literature which talks in jests of the *Adam myth* and things equally foolish in its own conceit. Agnosticism is striving to-day to replace morality by a love of the beautiful; its churches are houses of nature-worship,—fair gardens and public parks. They say: Educate the children by surrounding them with all that is beautiful: forms, fair flowers, busts of Pallas and Apollo, nude Dianas and Venuses. He who sees much beauty, say they, cannot but be better. Refine his senses, and his education is complete. He may commit a crime, it is true, but he will do it delicately. Truly they do not brook the Puritanism of their fathers, but as for myself the stern old Puritan is more acceptable than his offspring of to-day. He may not have been an aesthete, but was he less moral than his children to-day? Our age would not tolerate the scarlet letter, but would there be no one to wear it? Here too lies the secret of reading "Quo Vadis," for Sienkiewicz, bear in mind, is a Pole, and being a Pole has not caught up with the *beauty-loving* age. It is true, he occasionally offends pious ears, but it is the fashion of the Pole to speak plainly and the pharisaical blush does not suffuse his cheek at every so-called breach of delicacy. But we are digressing.

We have now arrived at the conclusion of our discussion, which is essentially this: The end of art is beauty; of science, truth. Art is synthetic; science, analytic. Art appeals primarily to the aesthetic sense; science to the intellect. Poetry is that branch of art which least of all should be viewed from a standpoint of mentality or morality. The novel is that form in which the true artist fuses into a perfect composition, the essay, poetry, history, philosophy, theology, with romance pure and simple. The novel is both synthetic and analytic. It answers what poetry can at best but ask. Lastly we have contemplated one of the greatest masters of the age and have seen how close the ideal has been approached. Notwithstanding what some may say to the contrary, I am profoundly grateful to the Polish artist "for showing humanity what it should be in terms of what it is."

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

MORS ET VITA CONFLIXERE.

All o'er the earth a painful silence reigns;
 The rivulet, set free from winter's sway,
 Its rippling laughter ceases on the way.
 And messengers of spring forget their strains.
 Creation trembles to its inmost veins:
 Because upon the cross that memorable day,
 Our heavenly penalties of sin to pay,
 A God expired amidst most terrible pains.

But death, by human fall made over-bold,
 Has tempted much; yet all by God's decree;
 For Christ, our royal victim, as foretold,
 Has risen glorious in his wounds and free,
 To greet the world with "peace" and to unfold
 The flag that names unparalleled victory.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

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DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98,
 HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98,
 VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '99,
 WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

EDITORIALS.

Before another COLLEGIAN will appear, the class of ninety-nine will have undergone the final test, and the successful members of the class will feel as if a star had burst within their brain. As regards those that fail—what are the wild waves saying? Just now they are, to a man, determined not to be of the latter class. They enjoy one

great boon, that of studying out of doors. Sympathetic bees weave drowsy trails of susurrations about the devoted heads alive to nothing but the wooing of the "hard-grained muses of the cube and square." Ever and anon one hears a Jeremiad over the years in which we didn't "plug," as the ungracious phrase has it. That is not a bad rule which says: "Never worry over what you can't help, and never worry over what you can help." The COLLEGIAN wishes success to all, and may the best man win.

Going over the Biglow Papers recently, we chanced upon this prophecy of James Russel Lowell, which does great credit to his foresight. James Russel was something of a Saxon himself; at the same time he was one of those rare specimens, of the breed, who tried to look fairly at the world about him, as this stroke of irony will testify: "I do much fear that we shall be seized now and then with a Protestant fervor, as long as we have neighbor Naboths whose wallowing in Papistical mire excite our horror in exact proportion to the size and desirableness of their vineyards."

We trust we may say something of the month of May without incurring the anathema so heartily voted to the spring poet. In truth, the average student is not so much concerned with the buds and butterfly breezes of the May-time, as with the fact that the crack of the bat is again heard on the campus, and the swish of the racket fondles the ear of the tennis enthusiast more tenderly than

any tuneful choir from Sappho to Kipling. However, though you be ever so good an athlete, you cannot entirely shut yourself off from the gracious influences of the season, for the spring will dance in all the chambers of our blood whether we will or not. A careful Providence has thus ordered that we absorb some of nature's bounteous energy just at this time, so that we may be able to pull a stout oar in the middle of June. Of late, some of our exchanges have deprecated the studying for honors, claiming that the honor man generally gravitates to a low plane in after life. Just why the qualities that brought a person to the head of the bunch in his youth should work his hurt later on, we fail to see. To us it seems rather that the qualities made prominent by this competition will be the very ones needed in any bunch that may meet in after years. And this being so, it is very fit that the trial for honors should come when the universal yearning towards the highest fills us with confidence in the truth of the saying: "There's no such word as *fail* in youth's bright bill of fare."

Father Charles Guendling of LaFayette will lecture here under the auspices of the C. L. S. on the evening of Decoration day. We await the appearance of the genial clergyman with pleasurable expectations.

THOMAS P. TRAVERS, '99.



EXCHANGES.

In the March and April numbers of the DIAL appear two clever essaylets by our former associate editor, Mr. J. P. Burke. It is evident that the charm of both contributions is the direct result of great painstaking and carefulness on the part of the writer. It is to be hoped that these are but the first of many contributions from the pen of Mr. Burke to grace the pages of the DIAL.

Under the caption "Genuineness in College Journalism" THE HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN insists that a college journal to be worthy of the name must publish nothing but contributions of the students of the college. We heartily agree with the editor that the practice of filling up the pages of the journal with articles from the pen of the members of the Faculty or of the alumni *altogether* or to any great extent cannot be too severely condemned. Still we think the gentleman has overstated it when he says that there are journals in which not a line, the result of students' work, appears. If there be such, we are happy to state, none reach us. We are loath to believe the matter in any of our exchanges to be lacking in genuineness in the sense in which Mr. Meyer uses the word. But another and important phase of the question he has quite overlooked. This other is that of literary insincerity. It has been unfortunate, to note a splendid instance of this in one of our esteemed contemporaries of recent

date. An article on Ottoman literature occupies several pages of this paper. Now we are morally certain that the knowledge of the writer concerning Ottoman literature is no more extensive than our own concerning Chinese or Sanscrit. If this is not plagiarism it certainly is, in our opinion, a wonderful example of literary insincerity.

To know what one is talking about is, we take it, one of the first rules of composition. This seems to have been overlooked by the gentleman who in the April ABBEY STUDENT essays to tell us a few things concerning Hobbies. He has in several instances confounded a purpose in life with a hobby. After telling us that our hobby should be a useful one, he goes on to relate that Franklin's hobby was for flying kites. This was a useful hobby for a man of mature years! Then it was only a hobby which Franklin was indulging in when he sat in the rain trying to fly his kite. Were all this true (which fortunately it is not), we should be constrained to say that the merry old doctor had not sense enough to come in out of the rain.

We hope that the editors will see the wisdom of Mr. Salmon's editorial on the growing evil of weak eyes. There is surely no necessity on the part of the STUDENT for using such very small type for its verse, book-notices, etc. In the matter of external make-up the ABBEY STUDENT is anything but a paragon. In the number before us the pages are lop-sided and typographical errors are legion.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. On Sunday, April 25th, the society held its last election for this scholastic year, which resulted as follows: Pres., I. Rapp; Vice Pres., F. Ersing; Sec., V. Muinch; Treas., J. Wessel; Critic, V. Schuette; Marshal, C. Faist; Editor, T. Saurer; Ex. Com., P. Kanney, J. Mutch, and E. Werling. At this meeting the executive committee announced the cast of characters for the drama "Richelieu" which will be rendered on commencement eve. The society also resolved to drop all literary programmes for the rest of this scholastic year in order that the members participating in Richelieu may devote more time to the rehearsal of their several parts.

John W. Wessel, '03.

A. L. S. The Society held its quarterly election Sunday, April 16th, of which the following is the result: Pres., Geo. Diefenbach; Vice Pres., A. Kamm; Sec., F. Theobald; Treas., L. Dabbelt; Marshal, A. Junk; Editor, W. Flaherty; Librarian, L. Holtschneider.

MARIAN SODALITY. The sodality held its regular monthly meeting on the seventh of May. The names of the candidates for admission presented at the previous meeting were voted upon and all the gentlemen being solemnly admitted. received their diplomas.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

There are probably few books as interesting and instructive to the practical Catholic as the history of those men and women, who braved all for the honor and glory of God. THE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS is printed in medium large type, and has a neat durable binding. It is needless to say that such a book should grace all our Catholic libraries, and especially the home shelf. The sincere Catholic finds in it innumerable examples of noble self-sacrifice, humility, and piety. Nearly all the Lives are accompanied by illustrations, thus making it attractive to the young and more interesting to adult readers. The reflections are appended for the particular benefit of the reader, whereby he may observe the most practical application to his own state of life. A quarter or half hour each day, or even once a week, spent in studying some model of perfection therein contained will not, by any means, be ill used; furthermore by such daily communication with this holy and instructive companion, our daily actions will to a certain extent imperceptibly conform to the principles held up for our imitation by those heroic men and women now in possession of eternal happiness. The book is edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D.; publishers, Benziger Brothers; price, \$1.00.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

The most distinguished visitor whom we had the honor to entertain this year was the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. A. Stephan, who spent a few days with us during the latter part of April. Father Stephan was born in the Archduchy of Baden, Germany, in the year 1822. In the spring of 1847 he came to the United States, and on the 19th of March, 1849, was ordained priest at Cincinnati, O. His first charge was in the diocese of Ft. Wayne where he remained until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he went to the front as army chaplain. After the close of the war under Pres. Grant's administration he was chosen agent for the Sioux. Those agents at the time possessed a bad reputation among the Whites and Indians alike; but nothing daunted Father Stephan who undertook the arduous task with a brave, courageous heart.

Father Stephan is at present Director of the Catholic Indian Missions, in which position he is the successor of a brave, kind-hearted soldier of the Civil War, who was the originator of the Directorship of Cath. Indian Missions. Under Harrison, Gen. Morgan was appointed commissioner of Indian affairs and since that time Father Stephan experienced difficulties and oppositions on all sides; yet he firmly performed the duties of his office. When the question regarding Indian Schools was laid before Congress this last winter for a final decision there were slight hopes of suc-

cess, but what little was accomplished must be ascribed principally to the efforts of Father Stephan.

About two years ago our Holy Father, Pope Leo, made Father Stephan Papal Delegate and lately he was appointed Pronotary Apostolic. Father Stephan has now reached his 77th year, and on the 19th of March celebrated his golden jubilee as priest.

Faculty and students felt themselves highly honored by the visit of the eminent dignitary; his presence was made the occasion of an open-air concert given by the college band. Father Stephan may be sure of the prayers of the Faculty and students of St. Joseph's for success in his laborious task and for the eternal happiness in reward of a well-spent life in charitable actions toward the most abused of the human races—the Indians.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

CARDS OF THANKS.

The smoking club tender their thanks to the following members of the Faculty for donations of boxes of cigars: Rev. Aug. Seifert, Rev. M. Waltz, and Rev. M. Hamburger.

We recently received another beautiful rose-bush from the Ven. Sisters, C. PP. S., and a dollar from Mrs. F. Muinch for our grotto. The donors have our thanks for their kind donations.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '01.

LOCALS.

The students are busily canning examination supplies. We hope that those tin-boxes prevent evaporation.

On the beautiful first of May
Was the dog's—Muinch and Dewey-day;
Hence, a triple holiday.

Every Sunday night the students of St. Aquino Hall make a pilgrimage to our grotto.

May devotions are held in the chapel every evening.

Mr. Deininger has contrived to raise his “*sum-mum bonum*” by taking the beans on the inverted saucer. No wonder that a man gets slightly mixed when he tries to find a comparative of “*summum*.”

A new feature at Collegeville are black sparrows. There were different opinions regarding the origin of this unnatural color. Many held that they became black in consequence of nesting in the big smoke-stack. The students of chemistry certify that this peculiar absence of color is caused by smoke, not by coal-smoke however, but by smoke from powder. Hence it is obvious that Mr. C. Hemmersbach is the efficient cause of this new species called “*Passer niger-fumi Collegevillensis*.”

When Sam is on second one is always reminded of the Colossus at Rhodes with one foot on either shore and the ships passing beneath him.

On the 5th of May our philosophers enjoyed a free day; and, the weather being favorable, they

went fishing. Mr. V. H. Krull, one of the members, describes the day thus: "We had indeed a pleasant day and much fun. The air was very clear and not even a nibble disturbed the smooth surface of the Iroquois. *Summa summarum*—we were fishing in the full sense of the word. The two fishes we had, but not the five barley loaves; and therefore a miraculous multiplication could not take place, although there was much grass on the place." P. S. — A vote of thanks to Mr. Muinch for catching those two fishes; thereby the honor of the class was saved.

Some improvements have again been made on the College premises.

Benignus is going to play full-back next fall. That's why you always find him in the act of eating.

The members of the two highest classes are permitted to study in the grove. Some of their rhymed lessons will appear in the COLLEGIAN. They hold that nature is the best teacher.

The "S. J. C." say that the "Eagles" have a shocking battery.

Last week an Illinois regiment on its way home passed through Rensselaer. On hearing this news the students were inflamed with an unusually high degree of patriotism. All went to the depot to see them. But unfortunately the train was at first three and then again four hours late. The patriotism cooled down, and, being thus "rubbered," the boys returned to their desks. Only the seniors were persevering and waited; they were the only happy ones to see the train

pass the depot in a cloud of dust. Probably the conductor did not see the formidable front they presented, otherwise he would have stopped the trains. Mr. Muinch was figuring on cutting off a soldier's button, but instead he received his mouth full of dust. A transitory glance however proved sufficiently that the soldiers were in good condition and that two of them had four legs.

Prof.: "Who is playing those false notes all the time?"—Herman: "They cannot be false, because they come *ex alto*."

On May the 5th the Rensselaer soldier boys returned. A programme in their honor was rendered at the court house to which the College military and band were also invited. Although room could not be procured for all people, we think that by better management place could have been provided at least for those who were especially invited and who took part in the programme.

The men in blue (sleeves) and the rest of the peace-loving inhabitants of our village were quite discomfited two weeks ago when they saw the men in white (sleeves) turn out armed to their teeth with picks, shovels, pitch-forks, etc., through the red-hot beams of the noonday sun. To judge from this sight, a revolution, followed by civil war, was imminent. And indeed the men in white pitched the camp in their grove and started at once to fortify it by cutting down dead trees, gathering up leaves, heaping up enormous piles of branches, and digging trenches. But at about four o'clock blisters in their hands compelled the Whites to an armistice. This was not granted

by the Blues, because they had just refreshed themselves by a good lunch and were now prepared for an attack. Hence Major Kuenle was forced to a retreat behind the back-stop for further consultation. With a grin of disconsolation they beheld through their glasses (for it was rather foggy towards evening,) how their fortifications were razed to the ground and the material hauled away by the Blues. Now the Whites were greatly discouraged and surrendered. By a treaty of peace decided by arbitration the money of the doctor-bills was to be pocketed by the Blues, and they in turn had to surrender the disputed grove, now in an improved condition, to the Whites. During the whole engagement one cannon was discharged.

HERMAN FEHRENBACH, '98.

ATHLETICS.

FIRST GAME.

Stars 19

Eagles 18

The base ball season opened at St. Joseph's, Sunday, April 16th with a "double header." The games were played between the boys of St. Xavier and St. Aquino halls. The boys of the latter hall were lucky enough to come out on top in both games. The first game was between the Eagles and the Stars. A cheer went up when umpire Travers yelled, "Play ball." The game was a slugging match in which the Stars went the Eagles one better. Not a pitcher was in form,

and the batters hit the balls to suit themselves. The game showed that the teams were evenly matched and that some good games might be expected in the future. The last inning was very exciting. With the score 18-14 against them, the Stars batted out a victory in the last half of the ninth that almost seemed lost. This is how it happened. Wessel, first man up, put the ball into center for two bases. A. Bremerkamp did the same trick. This kind of work almost took the heart out of the Eagles. Arnold, Holtschneider, and Fralich followed with a single each. Ley was "passed," filling the bases. Wahl struck out. With two men out, Rohrkemper came to bat, with two strikes and three balls called on him, he cracked out a double, and the game was won.

Score by innings:

Eagles	3	1	0	1	0	2	7	0	4	18
Stars	3	0	0	4	4	3	0	0	5	19

Batteries: Eagles, Kramer, Stoltz, and Bel-lersen. Stars, Ley and A. Bremerkamp. Time, 1:50. Umpire, Travers.

SECOND GAME.

Victors 15

O. K.'s 7

The Victors won a game which was very one-sided. The only feature of the game was Diefenbach's pitching, he striking out twelve men.

Score by innings:

O. K.'s	0	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	7
Victors	4	0	1	3	1	1	2	1	2	15

Batteries: O. K.'s, Monin and Koenig. Victors, Hoerstman, Diefenbach, and Theobald. Umpires, Nowak and Walther.

THIRD GAME.

Stars 36

Eagles 7

On Sunday, April 23rd, the Stars crossed bats with the Eagles at West Side Park. The former for the second time this season carried the trophy of victory from the field. The Stars had on their batting clothes and had a lot of fun with Kramer's artistic curves. The defeat of the South Side boys was accomplished principally by "Speedy Bill" whose curves went over the plate like a shot. The Stars showed a great improvement on their work in the previous game. They played hard ball at the bat and in the field. Capt. Arnold who was hurt in the third inning retired from the game, and captained the team from the bench. His place was filled by "Zit" Diefenbach, who received great applause when he trotted down first base. Kramer's support was ragged. Had he been given "Gilt Edge" support as Ley received, the tables might have been turned. The Stars clinched the game in the first inning by sending twelve runs across the rubber. The game was uninteresting, except running catches by Stoltz and Schneider and the batting of the Stars. It would require too much space to give full details of the game, so we will only put in the score:

Stars	12	0	5	1	2	5	4	7	0	36
Eagles	4	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	7

Two-base hits, O. Bremerkamp, A. Bremerkamp, Arnold, Ley, Rohrkemper (2), Wessel (2). First base on balls, by Kramer 5, by Ley 3. Struck out, by Kramer 9, by Ley 5. Passed balls, Stoltz 3, Bremerkamp 1. Time, 2:00. Umpire, Travers.

FOURTH GAME.

Stars 26

Eagles 8

On Thursday, May 11th, the Stars and Eagles crossed bats for the third time this season, the latter also receiving their third defeat. The game was one-sided and uninteresting. Bellersen relieved Kramer after the third inning and was as wild as a March hare. After a little steady work he will soon round into form, for he has speed and curves to burn. The only feature of the game was the terrific batting of the Stars. They opened the game by lacing out three doubles and three singles in succession. To give full details of the game would require too much space. By short work our readers will see how the game turned out by the score.

Score by innings:

Eagles	0	1	3	0	0	0	1	3	0	8
Stars	7	8	0	1	2	1	4	3	0	26

Two-base hits, A. Bremerkamp, Diefenbach, Arnold, O. Bremerkamp, Travers, Schuette, Hoch. Double plays, Hoch to Schuette; Holtschneider to Wessel. Struck out, by Kramer 2; by Bellersen 4; by Ley 3. Base on balls, by Kramer 1, by Bellersen 8, by Ley 1. Balk, Ley. Time, 2:05. Umpire, Mr. Sylvester Hinen.

FIFTH GAME.

Victors 9

O. K.'s 3

The O. K.'s received the second defeat this season from the hands of the Victors. The game was a beautiful one except the fielding which was sometimes erratic. The Victors hit when hits meant runs. The O. K.'s hit at inopportune times.

The only feature of the game was Schlaechter's pitching who struck out 11 men. Knapke who is not much bigger than the bat he swings laced the ball out for a single every time he came to bat but was unlucky enough to be left on base every time.

Score by innings;

O. K.'s	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	3
Victors	3	1	1	0	0	3	0	1	0	9

Batteries, Monin and Koenig; Schlaechter and Hoerstman. Umpires, Kramer and A. Bremerkamp.

On Monday, May 8th, the Stars held a meeting and reorganized under the name of St. Joseph's College Base Ball Team. The election resulted in electing William Arnold Manager and Anselm Bremerkamp Captain. Games have been arranged with the High Schools of the surrounding cities. The first game will take place Wednesday, May 17th, with the ball-tossers of Rensselaer. In this meeting the resignations of Charles Rohrkemper and Chas. Fralich were accepted. Their places are being filled by Thomas Travers and George Diefenbach, two men of great ability.

Ley will do, thank you. Three straight victories are on the right side of the ledger. Keep up your good work, Willie.

In Stoltz the Eagles had one of the very best back stops that ever stood behind a wind-pad. He is swift, sure, and speedy.

Schneider is one of the best fielders seen on the college grounds this season. He has pulled down many a hit that would have resulted in a

two or three bagger.

The Victors vs. O.K.'s game was the best one played on the college grounds this year. After the game "South-paw" Schlaechter was carried off the field by his admirers.

A. Bremerkamp,

J. Wessel.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 percent in conduct and application during the month of April appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

F. Kuenle, F. Seroczynski, T. Travers, E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, C. Rohrkemper, C. Uphaus, H. Hoerstman, E. Werling, B. Recker, P. Biegel, O. Holtschneider, C. Fralich, A. Bremerkamp, H. Plas, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Wellman, C. Diemer, J. Steinbrunner, A. McGill, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, C. Wetli, L. Holtschneider, J. Braun, L. Dabbelt, M. Schwieterman, F. Wagner, B. Hoerstman, L. Wagner, C. Hils, T. Brackmann, D. Brackman, E. Deininger, V. Krull, V. Muinch, E. Hefe, H. Seiferle, C. Miller, B. Staiert, S. Kremer, A. LaMotte, L. Huber, A. Schuette, M. Schmitter, R. Smith, B. Alt.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Diefenbach, E. Wills, L. Walther, B. Nowak, W. Keilman, O. Bremerkamp, S. Shenk, C. Hepp,

T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, C. Hemsteger, W. Flaherty, H. Fehrenbach, C. Faist, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, L. Linz, S. Meyer, R. Stoltz, S. Hartman, B. Holler, X. Jaeger, F. Steinbrunner, A. Rainer, F. Didier, C. Grube, H. Knapke.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the month of April. The names of those that reached an average of from 84-90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90-100 PER CENT.

T. Saurer, I. Rapp, V. Schuette, P. Staiert, P. Kanney, T. Travers, C. Mohr, D. Neuschwan-ger, E. Hefe-le, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, R. Monin, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, E. Werling, A. Schuette, X. Jaeger, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, A. Koenig, J. Wagner, H. Knapke, B. Alt, C. Rohrkemper, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, B. Recker, L. Walther, T. Ehinger, L. Dabbelt.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. Faist, F. Seroczynski, E. Ley, W. Hoerde-man, L. Linz, T. Kramer, S. Meyer, J. Mutch, P. Staiert, R. Stoltz, M. Schmitter, L. Huber, E. Flaig, R. Smith, L. Hoch, J. Wessel, H. Muhler, L. Holtschneider, L. Tansey, B. Hoerstman, M. Schwieterman, C. Grube, A. Rainer, F. Didier, F. Steinbrunner, C. Uphaus, H. Plas, A. Bremer-kamp, O. Holtschneider, J. Trentman, C. Hem-steger, O. Bremerkamp, S. Shenk, W. Keilman, A. Kamm, A. Schlaechter, F. Wagner, A. Junk, C. Wetli.